

EXHIBIT 4

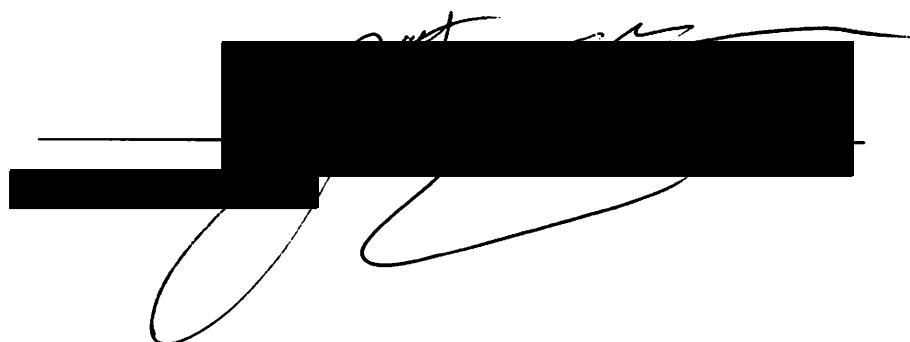
I am a victim of child pornography. I was abused sexually by my father. I have very few memories of my early childhood. I try to block out most of my past but some memories have slipped through the cracks and are still present. These are triggered when I hear about pictures of my abuse being downloaded from the internet. Closing my eyes I can see my father and I begin to feel sick. The idea of other sick men looking at my father abusing me makes me sick. I had put much of this out of my mind, but when I learned that my pictures are out on the internet it all came rushing back to me.

I wonder when I see men on the street or in the grocery store or anywhere around our town if they have looked at my pictures. Sometimes when I start to think about that I can't stop it and find myself stuck in a circle of thought. It all comes rushing back to me and when I had to testify and when my dad or his friends were standing over me naked and telling me everything was okay. I can't express how horrifying that experience was for me.

I know I need therapy but even this seems really hard. I want to put all of this behind me and live a normal life. I want to forget it all and be able to be free of my fears and memories.

Because of these men and my father I can never feel love the way I want to. I can't even feel confident with the way I look. Every day I have to convince myself that I am safe.. I am older and understand that I am a victim. Not a criminal. All these other men are the ones that are in the wrong. Writing about my life is difficult, remembering and sharing those memories is difficult but I need to tell my story. People move on in life but when you are a victim of such gut-wrenching crimes you always stand still. No matter how hard I try to move on and get over what is happening, it always creeps up on me. There's always that fear in my mind of what is happening. I don't want children of my own. The fear eats at my thoughts and I can't imagine something this horrible happening to them too. I don't want a house with that white picket fence out front. I had that house once and it held too many dark secrets. I just want to move forward. I want to keep criminals like my father in prison and all those who are looking at and trading in my pictures.

Date 8/10/14

A large rectangular area of the page has been completely redacted with black ink. Above this redacted area, there is a handwritten signature that appears to begin with the letters "J" and "C". Below the redacted area, there is a large, stylized, cursive initial that looks like a "J" or a "G".

Sister's Victim Impact Statement

I am [REDACTED] year old woman who was a victim of child pornography. My whole family are victims of my two sisters "Alice" and "Aurora" having pictures of their sexual abuse online. My two sisters and our family will never be the same.

I'd like to tell you that my problems went away as soon as my dad who was titled as, "The Ring Leader" went to prison. That was not the case. I was so angry, for so long, because I felt like going to prison was the easy way out. We had to continue to live and go to school in our small town. We dealt with the shame, the condemnation and humiliation, meanwhile our whole world was upside down.

I was 9 at the time and my sisters who were victimized were 4 and 5. I knew in my heart something my dad was doing was wrong, but in my head thought, "How could it be wrong, he's my dad? And I love him." But I also had this instinct as an older sister to go wherever with them. My dad saw me as a nuisance. He was always taking pictures of my sisters and he brought his men friends to our house. I know now that they raped my sisters. So many men all around the world came to visit us, all sick perverted men that my dad subjected my family too. I broke cameras, ripped up tapes my dad had, broke his monitor and taken beatings for it. That was the only way I felt like getting justice. I didn't know what pornography was, let alone child pornography so I didn't know how to tell on my dad.

I have held my sisters while they cried themselves to sleep countless nights, meanwhile thoughts running through my mind how it's my fault. When my grandpa, my dad's dad came to visit, my sisters thought my dad escaped from prison and found them. It broke my heart the amount of fear they still had. I have watched them both go through different trials of cutting themselves, hating themselves, finding worth in guys and numbing their pain by weed, ecstasy, pills and alcohol. My sister "Alice" has severe anxiety attacks that are so bad that I once thought there is no way she will ever hold a job, or go to college. I brought her to school with me and had her take the same classes I took so I could help her through. She managed to complete her first semester, and she is now a waitress. I know it is really, really hard for her, but she picks herself up and puts her foot forward to try to take another step and be as normal as possible.

"Aurora" has the same problems, though she is a little older and may be coping a little better. But, she has also cried a lot and I see how she has put limits on what she does in life too. She is horrified by the thought that pictures of her in her most vulnerable and painful moments are on the web and that people are enjoying them. It is so hard for any of us to believe. There is a dark cloud that follows her wherever she goes.

I have watched both my sisters grow tremendously and beat what statistics say they should be like, why? Because pure love is the true remedy and covers a multitude of hurt. We live in so much fear of who knows, has this person seen what our dad made us do, and do people think we are sick or is it our fault for far too long. The pictures being on the internet means that there will never be an end to this fear, these questions, our not

knowing, our looking over our shoulders, or wanting to go home and pull the covers over our heads. There isn't a day goes by that I don't replay what I could have done to have protected my sisters or those other children better. I am plagued with horrible images or memories of what had happened to my siblings & I. No matter how many self help books I read, how many psychology classes I have taken, or going to the altar at church I've done, I still feel like it was yesterday and can not be removed from my heart, eyes and mind. Those images aren't just on a screen being looked at without consequences. Those images signify lines being crossed that should never be. This is my time for justice. "To all this pain, it's not enough to do nothing. It's time for us to do something" I hope someone will take into consideration what has happened to our family and make the people who look at these awful pictures contribute to our recovery. No words can describe what has happened to us or what my sisters and I live with every day. Still we are doing our best to cope

8/2/2014

Date: _____

